

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 19, 1831.

NO. 22.

THE ENGRAVING.

NAPLES has been the seat of so many incidents of a remarkable and interesting nature, and has formed so prominent a feature in the narrative of all travellers who have visited and written of that glowing land, that we have selected a view of that city, as seen from the Mole, for the present number of the ARIEL.

The port of Naples is at the eastern part of the city, and defended from the waves by a mole, upon which is an agreeable promenade; it is small, but the roadstead between the two castles, is very good and secure.

The castle Naovo is close to the sea and the mole. It was first raised by Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, towards the close of the thirteenth century. After passing the first works of this fort, a large hall or place of arms, formerly used for tournaments, presents itself; between two towers will be seen a triumphal arch, elevated in honor of Alphonso. With this castle is connected the royal palace. The communication has been found convenient by the rulers of a country which has changed its government more frequently than any other in Europe, though little security will be found within its walls, against modern science and the castle of St. Elmo alone.

Much of the scenery about Naples is of a fine order, several beautiful specimens of which were presented on a splendid scale at our theatres last winter, at the representation of the drama founded on the insurrection of the famous fisherman, Thomas Aniello, vulgarly called Masaniello.

Wood is selling at New York at \$3.25 a cord, and in Providence at \$3.

The Portland papers are complaining of want of snow. Our market is "glutted" with this seasonable commodity, and we can supply their demand to any reasonable extent.

Souvenir of the Lakes.—A little book with this title was published at the office of the Detroit Journal on New Year's day. Its contents are all of home origin.

It is said that the "emigration fever" has broken out in Vermont to as great an extent as it existed in 1816-17. The only difficulty found is in procuring funds. This is a difficulty stronger to overcome than the Balkan.

The Providence Patriot speaks of a snow bank in that vicinity twenty-three feet high.

The accounts of street outrages in N. York, whether true or false, have spread such an alarm, that scarcely a female in the city dares to go into the street after dark.

In Taunton, last week, a child of 18 months, having seen the elder children drinking cold tea from the tea pot, swallowed a quantity of hot tea, when unobserved. It survived three or four hours in great pain.

Orders have been given for the immediate equipment of the frigate Potomac, now lying at the Navy Yard at Washington. She is destined to relieve the Guerriere in the Pacific.

The North Carolina House of Commons have passed a bill to exempt a debtor's house, barn, out-houses, and 60 acres of land, from liability to all attachment and sale on execution!! It was carried by the casting vote.

Energetic measures have been adopted in N. York for the purpose of putting down the tyrannical system of imprisonment for debt.

SELECT TALES.

THE FRATERNAL EXECUTIONER.

FROM "HANS OF ICELAND."

Hans of Iceland is a tale of supernatural horror, but also of natural as well as supernatural interest. The story, so far as regards the hero and heroine, and other merely human agents, is well contrived and striking; and in those parts where the terrible representative of Ingulphus the Destroyer, Hans of Iceland, figures, there is a mixture of the ludicrous and appalling, which we have found extremely effective; while the moral justice of the winding up reconciles us to aught that might otherwise have been too strong for the palate. On introducing one extract as an example of the writer's talents, it is necessary to premise that Musdæmon, on the failure of a plot for the destruction of the ex-chancellor Schumacker, has accused himself in the public court, in order to save his employer, whose tool and secretary he was. Hans and he have consequently been condemned to die, and after disposing of the former, the narrative proceeds in the manner following.—*N. England Galaxy.*

To a dungeon on the same floor, but nearer to the sea, Musdæmon had been conveyed upon his leaving the hall of justice. It may perhaps have excited some surprise that so cunning a villain as this man had shown himself, should choose to confess his crime, and to conceal, with apparent generosity, the guilt of the Chancellor; but, so far from a generous feeling having any share in influencing his conduct on this occasion, it was perhaps one of the most ingenious artifices that he had ever practised. When he first saw the whole of his infernal plot so completely exposed, he was for a moment overcome with surprise: this embarrassment, however, soon subsided; and with that adroitness which was a part of his character, he contemplated the only two courses which presented themselves to him. On the one hand he might denounce the Chancellor d'Ahlefeld, who so basely deserted him at this emergency, or take upon himself the whole blame of the crimes in which he had been only partially concerned. A common mind would perhaps have resolved upon the first; but it occurred to Musdæmon that the Chancellor was still Chancellor, and that nothing contained in the papers actually compromised his reputation. He had, moreover, cast certain glances at Musdæmon, the purport of which the latter understood; and for these reasons, relying that his patron would, if not from any feeling of gratitude, at least for his own safety, furnish his ally with the means of escape from prison, he adopted the second course.

He was walking up and down in his cell, which was imperfectly lighted by a dim lamp, and expecting every moment that the door would open to some emissary of the Chancellor. He examined minutely the antique dungeon in which he had been placed; to his surprise he found that the floor was of wood, and it sounded beneath his tread as if there was some cavity under it. In the low vault above him he observed that a large iron ring was fastened into the key stone, to which hung a piece of cord, the end of which had been cut. The minutes passed on with leaden feet, and he listened impatiently to the castle clock as it chimed each quarter of the midnight hours. At length he heard the sound of footsteps

without his dungeon, and his heart beat quick with the hope of deliverance. The chains were thrown down—the bolts withdrawn—the old key grated in the rusty lock—and the same man who had just before struck the bargain with Hans, entered the cell. He carried under his arm a roll of cord, and was followed by four armed halberdies. Musdæmon wore still his official robes, the sight of which seemed to make an impression on the red man, who made an awkward low bow. 'My Lord,' he said, 'is it with your Lordship that I am to deal?'

'Yes, yes,' replied Musdæmon, whose hope of escape was confirmed by this polite address.

'Then is your name,' asked the red man, as he referred to a small piece of parchment which he held, 'Tariaf Musdæmon?'

'The same; and you come to me from the Lord Chancellor?'

'Yes, my Lord.'

'Pray remember when you have done his bidding, to express my eternal gratitude to his Lordship.'

'Your gratitude!' cried the red man, in utter astonishment.

'Yes; for of course, I apprehend I shall have no opportunity of doing so in person.'

'Most likely not,' replied the hangman with an ironical grin.

'And you know,' continued Musdæmon, 'that I ought not to be insensible of such a kindness, although I declare to you that his Highness does me no more than strict justice.'

'Strict it may be; but at least you confess that it is justice. Well, this is the first time, these six and twenty years, that I have heard a man in your situation confess so much. But come; I have no time to spare in talking, are you ready?'

'Quite so,' replied Musdæmon, stepping towards the door.

'Stay, stay!' cried Orugix, as he stooped to lay down his bundle of rope.

Musdæmon stopped:—'But why have you brought all this cord?'

'Your Lordship may well ask me:—there is, indeed, much more than I shall have any occasion for; but a few days ago I expected there would be many more condemned.' As he said this, Orugix unrolled his cord.

'But come—prithce, make haste,' said Musdæmon.

'Your Lordship is in a great hurry,' said Orugix, going on with his task; 'but has not your Lordship some little prayer?'

'No other than that I have already made—that you will thank the Chancellor for me.—But I am impatient to quit this dreary place: have we far to go?'

'Far to go!' replied Orugix, measuring the cord as he unrolled it; 'the journey will not fatigue you much, for you will perform it without stirring hence.'

Musdæmon trembled violently as he asked—'What do you mean?'

'O God!' cried Musdæmon, suddenly becoming pale and the horrible truth flashed upon his mind, 'who then are you?'

'The hangman.'

'Did you not then come to aid my escape?' cried the wretch, trembling like a leaf.

'Yes, your escape into the land of ghosts,' replied the other with a hoarse laugh.

'Mercy, mercy! Have pity on me!' cried Musdæmon falling with his face to the floor.

'Do you take me for the King?' asked the executioner: 'how can I show you mercy?'

'The poor wretch continued in the most abject manner to implore the ruthless hangman's pity, until the latter, vexed with his importunities, and having finished the unrolling his cord, in an angry tone bade him be silent. Musdæmon still remained trembling at his feet, stupefied at the prospect of his impending fate; the executioner, in the mean time, fastened one end of the cord to the ring in the ceiling, and made a running noose at the other end, which reached to the door. 'Now,' said he, 'I am ready—are you?'

'No, oh no!' cried Musdæmon, 'it is impossible that the Count d'Ahlefeld can be so base! I am too necessary to him; he cannot have sent you to put me to death. Let me escape, or tremble to encounter his anger.'

'Did you not say that you are Tariaf Musdæmon?'

The prisoner remained silent for a moment, and then said 'No; I—my name is not Musdæmon; it is Tariaf Orugix.'

'Orugix!' cried the hangman—'Orugix!' and he tore the large wig from the face of the prisoner, when suddenly recognizing his features, he exclaimed, 'My brother!'

'Your brother!' cried the other joyfully, 'Are you then?'

'Nychol Orugix, the Drontheim hangman, at your service, brother.'

The prisoner threw himself upon Nychol's neck, and lavished his caresses upon him, which the other did not return, nor even seem sensible of. 'I am sorry for you, brother,' he said at length.

'Why sorry?' said the other; 'I am now at least safe, since I have found you. Remember that the same mother brought us forth—the same bosom nourished us—the same amusements occupied our earliest days—remember Nychol, I am your brother.'

'But until this moment you never remembered it, Tariaf.'

'Still you would not have me die by your hand?'

'It is your own fault, Tariaf; it was you who blighted my hopes: you hindered me from being the royal executioner at Copenhagen, and caused me to be appointed to officiate in this wretched country. If you had not behaved thus unnaturally to me, you would not have had to complain of that which seems to horrify you so much. But come, we have chatted long enough—you must die!'

The approach of death, which even to the virtuous is so hard that but the consciousness of integrity can soften down its terrors, is to the guilty totally overwhelming. The miserable prisoner rolled upon the floor, wringing his hands, and calling upon all the saints in heaven for pity, and conjuring his brother by the mother who bore them, not to put him to death. The executioner made no other answer than by displaying his warrant, the order in which, he said was positive.

'But it does not concern me,' said the other in despair: 'it is but the execution of one Musdæmon; my name is Orugix.'

'I know very well that it does mean you,' replied Nychol: 'besides, as yesterday you would have been Musdæmon to me, you shall not, to-day, be Orugix.'

'Brother! my dear brother!' cried Musdæmon, 'it is impossible that the Chancellor can wish for my death. It is a mistake—the Count d'Ahlefeld loves me well, if you would but

spare me I shall soon be restored to favor, and then I will make your fortune."

"You cannot if you would," replied Nychol; "and I have already lost too much by you: I have been deprived of two executions, by which I calculated to make a good round sum—I mean those of Schumacker and the Vice-roy's son. I am always unlucky, and there is only Hans of Iceland and yourself to be hanged. All that I can do for you is to promise that you shall suffer as little as possible: so reconcile yourself to your fate, as you see there is no avoiding it."

Musdemon rose from the ground, and finding that his prayers were useless, he gave himself up to a furious rage. His nostrils dilated, his eyes were fixed, his lips quivered, and his mouth foamed. "Then I have preserved d'Ahlefeld," he cried, "and embraced my brother; and yet they destroy me. Is it for this that I have stained my whole life with crime? Wretch," he continued, addressing Nychol, "will you be a fratricide?"

"I am the hangman," replied the other coolly. "Then I will not die unavenged," cried Musdemon, as he made a spring at his brother. "I have lived like a serpent, and I will die like one: I will expend my breath in one last sting—but it shall be mortal." He seized Nychol with a deadly grasp, and might perhaps have made good his threats but for the four halberdiers, who disengaged him from the executioner, and pinioned his arms, so as to prevent him from doing any further mischief. While they were performing this office, a sealed packet fell from his bosom.

"What is that?" asked Nychol, whose imperturbable coolness had not given way under the rudeness of his brother's last embrace. Musdemon had sunk into a sort of stupor, when this question roused him. His eye glistered with a demonic triumph: "That!" he cried: "that is a packet belonging to the Chancellor: promise me that you will deliver it into his own hands, and do with me as you will."

"Well, since you are disposed to be more civil," replied Nychol, "I will promise to do this for you; although you hardly deserve it for your unbrotherly treatment to me."

"Do, do," said Musdemon; "and perhaps in the delight which his Lordship will feel at obtaining it, he may bestow upon you some reward."

"Perhaps, then," said Nychol, "I shall at last become royal executioner. Well, well! let us part good friends: I forgive you the scathes you gave me just now, and you shall pardon me for being under the necessity of presenting you with the hempen collar. Come Tariaf, are you ready?" and, as he spoke, he placed the noose round his brother's neck.

"One moment, one moment!" cried Musdemon, whose panic returned at feeling the rope; "do not pull the cord until I give you the signal."

"I will not pull it at all," replied Nychol, "but are you ready now?"

"Stay, but a moment! Must I die?" "You must indeed: and I can wait no longer," Nychol here made signal to the halberdiers, who withdrew.

"Well but one word more: I pray you not to forget the Chancellor."

"Make yourself easy on that score, brother," replied Nychol; "and now, for the third time, are you ready?" The wretched victim opened his lips to implore one moment's longer delay, when his brother became impatient, and stooping down, he pressed upon a small knob in the floor: The boards beneath Musdemon instantly gave way, and he disappeared below the opening, while the sudden tension of the cord emitted a low vibration. It was agitated for a few moments and then became still; while a cold draught of air rushed through the trap door, and seemed to proceed from running water. The halberdiers who were at the end of the dungeon, were horror stricken at the sight. The executioner approached the trap-door, and, holding the cord by one hand, he lowered himself till his

feet touched the shoulders of his miserable brother. A groan, the last the victim uttered, escaped from him. Nychol ascended to the floor:—"It's all right," he said: "good-bye, brother! Now," he continued, drawing a large knife from his girdle, "you must go to feed the fishes of the gulf;" and as he spoke, he cut the tightened cord as high up as he could reach. A sudden splash was heard as the body of the dead man reached the water, and a horrid silence ensued.

We have published most of the *Extracts from the Diary of a late Physician*, which have appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, and have reason to believe that few of our subscribers have recently perused a series of articles possessed of such absorbing interest. Among American newspapers they have had a prodigious run, and are republished with a degree of unanimity truly surprising. The author however, has failed in two or three of his sketches, being too apt to run into long and tedious descriptions, without incident enough even to create an interest in what he is relating. The sketch which follows is not open to this objection, but is in his happiest style.

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

"Tis no use talking to me, mother, I will go to Mrs. P——'s party to-night, if I die for it,—that's flat! You know as well as I do, that Lieutenant N—— is to be there, and he's going to leave town to-morrow—so up I go to dress."

"Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr. — says late hours are the worst things in the world for you."

"Pshaw, mother! nonsense, nonsense." "Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh dear, dear, what a night too—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane! You'll be wet and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, wont you stay and keep me company to-night? That's a good girl."

"Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I'll go to Mrs. P——'s if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go!" singing jauntily.

"Oh she shall dance all dressed in white, so ladylike."

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner in which Miss J—— expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her 26th year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak single blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very much straitened, sufficing barely to enable them to maintain a footing in what is called the middle genteel class of society, this young woman contrived by some means or other to gratify her penchant for dress, and gaddied about here, there, and everywhere, the most showily dressed person in the neighborhood. Though far from being even pretty-faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure, for she both stooped and was skinny, she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanor, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the sallowness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evinced the existence of a liver complaint; and the last visits I had paid her were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some organic disease of the heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the possibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c.; but Mrs. —

's remonstrances, gentle and affectionate as they always were, were thrown away upon her head-strong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church clock, when Miss J——, humming the words of the song above mentioned, lit her chamber candle by her mother's, and withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant-girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other she intended to have worn that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in their little parlor, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past nine o'clock, without her daughter making her appearance. The noise she had made over-head in walking to and fro to her drawers, dressing-table, &c. had ceased about half an hour ago, and her mother supposed she was then engaged at her glass, adjusting her hair, and preparing her beautiful complexion.

"Well, I wonder what can make Charlotte so very careful about her dress to-night!" exclaimed Mrs. J——, removing her eyes from the book and gazing thoughtfully at the fire; "Oh! it is because young Lieutenant N—— is to be there. Well, I was young myself once, and it's very excusable in Charlotte—heigho!" She heard the wind howling so dismally without, that she drew together the coals of her brisk fire and was laying down the poker when the clock of — church struck the second quarter after nine.

"Why, what in the world can Charlotte be doing all this while?" she again enquired.—She listened—"I have not heard her moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and see." She rung the bell and the servant appeared.

"Betty, Miss J—— is not gone out yet, is she?"

"La, no, ma'am," replied the girl, "I took up the curling irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put one of her curls out; and she said she should soon be ready. She's burst her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way, ma'am."

"Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing: and tell her its half past nine o'clock," said Mrs. J——. The servant accordingly went up stairs, and knocked at the chamber door, once, twice, thrice, but received no answer. There was a dead silence, except when the wind shook the window.—Could Miss J—— have fallen asleep? Oh, impossible! She knocked again, but unsuccessfully as before. She became a little flustered; and after a moment's pause opened the door and entered. There was Miss J—— sitting at the glass. "Why, la, ma'am!" commenced Betty in a petulant tone, walking up to her, "here have I been knocking for these five minutes, and"— Betty staggered horror-struck to the bed, and uttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J——, who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright.—Miss J—— was dead!

I was there within a few minutes, for my house was not more than two streets distant. It was a stormy night in March; and the desolate aspect of things without—deserted streets—the dreary howling of the wind, and the incessant pattering of the rain—contributed to cast a gloom over my mind, when connected with the intelligence of the awful event that had summoned me out, which was deepened into horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness. On reaching the house, I found Mrs. J—— in violent hysterics, surrounded by several of her neighbors who had been called to her assistance. I repaired instantly to the scene of death, and beheld what I shall never forget. The room was occupied by a white curtained bed. There was but one window, and before it was a table, on which stood a looking-glass, hung with a little white drape; and various paraphernalia of the toilet lay scattered about—pins, brushes, curling papers, ribands, gloves, &c. An arm chair was

drawn to this table, and in it sat Miss J—— stone-dead. Her head rested upon her right hand, her elbow supported by the table; while her left hung down by her side, grasping a pair of curling-irons. Each of her wrists was encircled by a showy gilt bracelet. She was dressed in a white muslin frock, with a little bordering of blond. Her face was turned towards the glass, which, by the light of the expiring candle, reflected with frightful fidelity the clammy fixed features, daubed over with rouge and carmine—the fallen lower jaw—and the eyes directed full in the glass, with a cold stare, that was appalling. On examining the countenance more narrowly, I thought I detected the traces of a smirk of conceit and self-complacency, which not even the palsy touch of death could wholly obliterate. The hair of the corpse, all smooth and glossy, was curled with elaborate precision: and the skinny sallow neck was encircled with a string of glistening pearls. The ghastly visage of death thus leering through the tinsel of fashion—the vain show of artificial joy—was a horrible mockery of the vain fooleries of life!

Indeed it was a most humiliating and shocking spectacle. Poor creature! struck dead in the very act of sacrificing at the shrine of female vanity! She must have been dead for some time: perhaps for twenty minutes, or half an hour, when I arrived, for nearly all the animal heat had deserted the body, which was rapidly stiffening. I attempted, but in vain, to draw blood from the arm. Two or three women present proceeded to remove the corpse to the bed, for the purpose of laying it out. What strange passiveness! No resistance offered to them while straightening the bent right arm, and binding the jaws together with a white riband, which Miss J—— had destined for her waist at Mrs. P——'s that evening.

On examination of the body, we found that her death had been occasioned by disease of the heart. Her life might have been protracted, possibly for years, had she but taken my advice, and that of her mother. I have seen many hundreds of corpses, as well in the calm composure of natural death, as mangled and distorted by violence; but never have I seen so startling a satire upon human vanity, so repulsive, unsightly, and loathsome a spectacle, as a corpse dressed for a ball!

THE GUILTY PHANTOM.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I cannot forbear giving you an instance of a guilt-formed phantom which made considerable noise about twenty years ago or more. I am, I think, tolerably correct in the details, though I have lost the account of the trial.—Jarvis Matcham—such, if I am not mistaken, was the name of my hero—was pay sergeant in a regiment, where he was so highly esteemed as a steady and accurate man, that he was permitted opportunity to embezzle a considerable part of the money lodged in his hands for pay of soldiers, bounty of recruits, then a large sum, and other charges which fell within his duty. He was summoned to join his regiment from a town where he had been on a recruiting service, and this perhaps under some shade of suspicion. Matcham perceived that discovery was at hand, and would have then deserted, had it not been for the presence of a little drummer lad, who was the only one of his party appointed to attend him. In the desperation of his crime, he resolved to murder the poor boy, and make his escape. He meditated this wickedness the more readily, that the drummer, he thought, had been put as a spy on him. He perpetrated his crime, and changing his dress after the deed was done, made a long walk across the country to an inn on the Portsmouth road, where he halted and went to bed, desiring to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came. The waiter summoned him accordingly; but long after did he remember, that when he shook the guest by the shoulder, the very first words that he said,

as he awoke up were, "Oh, my God! I did not kill him."

Matcham went to the sea-port by the coach, and instantly entered as an able-bodied landsman or marine, I know not which. His sobriety and attention to duty gained him the same good opinion of the officers in his new service which he had enjoyed in the army. He was aloft for several years, and behaved remarkably well in some actions. At length the vessel came into Plymouth, was paid off, and some of the crew, amongst whom was Jarvis Matcham, were discharged as being too old for service. He and another seaman resolved to walk to town, and took the route by Salisbury. It was when within two or three miles of this celebrated city, that they were overtaken by a tempest so sudden, and accompanied with such vivid lightning, and thunder so dreadful loud, that the obdurate conscience of the old sinner began to be awakened. He expressed more terror than seemed natural for one who was familiar with the war of elements, and began to look and talk so wildly, that his companion became aware that something more than usual was the matter. At length Matcham complained to his quiet companion that the stones rose from the road and flew after him. He desired the man to walk on the other side of the highway, to see if they would follow him when he was alone.—The sailor complied, and Matcham complained that the stones still flew after him, and did not pursue the other. "But what is worse," he added, coming up to his companion, and whispering, with a tone of mystery and fear, "who is that little drummer boy, and what business has he to follow us so closely?" "I can see no one," answered the seaman, infected by the superstition of his associate.—"What! not see that little boy with the bloody pantaloons!" exclaimed the secret murderer, so much to the terror of his comrade, that he conjured him, if he had any thing on his mind, to make a clear conscience, as far as confession could do it. The criminal fetched a deep groan, and declared that he was unable longer to endure the life which he had led for years. He then confessed the murder of the drummer, and added, that as a considerable reward had been offered, he wished his comrade to deliver him up to the magistrates of Salisbury, as he would desire a shipmate to profit by his fate, which he was now convinced was inevitable.

Having overcome his friend's objections to this mode of proceeding, Jarvis Matcham was surrendered to justice accordingly, and made a full confession of his guilt. But before the trial the love of life returned. The prisoner denied his confession, and pleaded Not Guilty. By this time, however, full evidence had been procured from other quarters. Witnesses appeared from his former regiment to prove his identity with the murderer and deserter, and the waiter remembered the ominous words which he had spoken when he awoke him to join the Portsmouth coach. Jarvis Matcham was found guilty, and executed. When his last chance of life was over, he returned to his confession, and with his dying breath averred, and truly, as he thought, the vision on Salisbury Plain.

A FORGETFUL MINISTER.—The Rev. Mr. Parker, of Princeton, had been for years in the habit of praying for the British Government; but at the period of the eventful Revolution, he, together with most other clergymen of that time, was opposed to the oppressive measures of England. However, by a strange absence of mind, he one Sabbath, long after America had been declared independent, continued his usual prayer—"We beseech thee to bless the King and Queen, and all the royal family"—then pausing, with evident embarrassment and vexation, he added—"Pshaw, pshaw! it was the Continental Congress I meant."

A JUDGE'S ADVICE.—A certain judge after hearing a florid discourse from a young lawyer, advised him to pluck out some of the feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them to the tail of his judgment.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Pleasures mostly elude us while on pursuit, but often spring up when we least expect them. We therefore should never be sure of any happiness till in possession, nor yet despair when disappointed, for we know not what consolation may suddenly spring up and surprise us.

After the deep snow-fall, my cousin Frank and I were in a great humor for sleighing.—We had two suitable horses, and Frank said he was a first rate driver, but we had no sleigh. The having of half the requisites however, made us only more anxious for the whole; and we knew that John Thornton in Shippensburg, had a sleigh and harness without any horses. We therefore mounted our two and hurried them to town, where we found John in as great a humor for sleighing as ourselves. He said the snow should be enjoyed while it lasted, and spoke of so many places we could visit, that the only difficulty was in making a choice. But at length he said we would spend the first night at his uncle William's, who lived a considerable distance across the country, and as his cousins were fond of sleighing, when there, we could raise a party to go almost any where—even to the Falls of Niagara! Indeed I thought we would have a fine excursion; but Frank, wishing to improve the matter, was like to damp my ardor, for he proposed inviting Miss Sarah Thornton to go along, and then of course John had to mention my sister Susan. To be sure I made no objections, but I would rather we had gone by ourselves, for we could have found enough ladies on the way, and would have enjoyed more freedom without them.

At length we were seated in the sleigh, Sarah and myself behind and the other two in front, hastening down towards our house to take in the other passenger. Frank was the driver, and in going through the street for the most part he stood up, having on his grey overcoat, as if to look out for obstructions, but in fact to show himself. Perhaps no town is better suited for having a display before it than Shippensburg, for the houses are all built on the main street, whereby the whole population can see what passes. The people abroad too, were mostly in a good humor from the snow; and several boys for some distance clung to the back of our sleigh, while others cried out to Frank to "cut behind," but he drove on and never minded them. It was the first time I had been in a sleigh for several years, and it really moved finely on the turnpike, the horses being mostly urged to the canter, but the distance was so short, I could scarce appreciate the pleasure before we were landed at our house.

Sleighing brings people together like magic. On coming into the room, besides our own folk, we were surprised to meet with Miss Alice W.—n, for she had come since we departed, and lived from us a considerable distance. For my part I had never been astonished more pleasantly in my life, for she was the most amiable young lady of my acquaintance, and in fact I had been thinking all the winter of the trip which she and I were to take together in the spring. It seemed that she had come down, soon after our departure, in a one-horse sleigh with her uncle, who had gone on to the lower end of the coun-

ty, and she was going to spend a whole week with my sister. Every thing seemed conspiring to make me happy, and that without much exertion on my part, for my fellows had each chosen his partner, and now of course it was expected of me to do the same. The excursion immediately assumed a new character, and I wondered why I had wished to go without any ladies, for they are certainly the life of company.

"Miss Alice," said I, "will you take a seat in our sleigh! We are going across to Squire Thornton's; and your coming is remarkably fortunate, as it adds an evenness to our number—so we can set off with a better omen." "Thank you, Mr. Musgrove," she replied, "I accept it with pleasure: but I fear my intrusion may discommode the party."

I was going to make another speech, for I felt eloquent on the occasion, but Susan interrupted me.

"You need have no fears about it," she cried, "for you must certainly go; but for my own part I am fondest of every thing odd. I love odd numbers—odd adventures, and now am peculiarly well pleased that Thomas (meaning me) is mistaken in his calculation; and we can move off, the most agreeable party, leaving him oddly at home!"

It never struck me till that moment that our sleigh could hold no more than five; but now it was too late—so I pretended to have known it all the while. Indeed Alice declared she would not take my seat, but Susan insisted; and John supposed the box might contain us all, while Frank said he could stand up and drive. At first I thought of procuring another sleigh or jumper, for myself, but at that time they were all in use; and as I knew not when our party would return, I even made the experiment of getting in with them, which was found utterly impossible. I therefore saw them all moving off in the highest glee, at the same time expressing their sorrow I was not along.

After their departure I at first thought of pursuing them on horseback; but fearing it would seem too ridiculous, I contented myself with drawing the writing desk near the fire, and composing verses (as I always do in such cases) to keep up my spirits.

There are coals on the hearth beaming ruddy and bright,

But without, the cold landscape is covered with white—

And people in sleighs now may drive where they will;

While I sit at home here a driving the quill—

Driving the quill—driving the quill—

While I sit at home here a driving the quill—

I hear the bells tinkling, and look through the glass,

To see the gay vehicles swift as they pass—

Some yellow—some blue, with the snow to contrast,

And some have got coverlets over them cast—

Over them cast—over them cast—

And some have got coverlets over them cast.

The gentlemen in them well coated and cap—

The ladies in soft wadded garments areclapt,

With veils o'er their faces, and though I can't see 't,

Yet I feel pretty certain they've socks on their feet—

Socks on their feet—socks on their feet—

Yet I feel pretty certain they've socks on their feet.

Old Winter might frown when the flowers, as he thought,

Were all nipt, to behold so much beauty afloat. And to quell the high daring, their forms he would clasp:

But ere he could touch 'em they'd slide from his grasp—

Slide from his grasp—slide from his grasp—

But ere he could touch 'em they'd slide from his grasp.

Thus joy being without o'er the desolate scene, Imparts a new joy to the people within;

And to see them go driving, I'm happier still, While sitting at home here a driving the quill—

Driving the quill—driving the quill—

While sitting at home here a driving the quill.

Thus in fact I wrought myself into a good humor, and from seeing people in sleighs, I at length supposed myself to be almost as happy as they. I fancied their pleasure was more in anticipation than reality, and the weather was too cold for them to enjoy either the sleighing or the company. They seemed mostly in haste to arrive at some warming place—like the room where I was seated—which only wanted a few persons to make it sociable. Indeed there was one sleigh coming down the road which, from its appearance, I suspected would actually stop for warming, as the inmates were looking wistfully towards the house. I wondered why they moved no faster, for the horses appeared well enough, and the one in the lead I thought wanted only a little spirit to make a suitable match even for our sorrel; while the gray on the other side— Bless me! I could scarce believe my eyes! They were actually sorrel and gray themselves—and there was Alice's bonnet—in fact the whole sleigh load returning!

I never like to tease people when discomfited. It seemed that since their departure they had met with nothing but misfortunes; for on leaving the turnpike at some distance, the road became so drifted, they had several times been overset, and Frank was found out to be the worst driver in the world. Indeed at length, the way was utterly impassable, and the evening blowing colder, they agreed to return.

I was at first endeavoring to raise their spirits, but soon found there was no occasion, for they were all glad enough to be at the fire, and after warming themselves, even jested at their own misfortunes. For my own part I could not have wished a better result, and throughout the evening must have even surpassed myself, for I never had such a fluency of speech before, and I observed that Alice laughed at almost every thing I said, and always sided with me in argument. In fact the party was just large enough for enjoyment; and on the whole, I felt persuaded that joy mostly comes after disappointment, and a person never loses any thing from being polite.

W. N.

The birth day of Thomas Paine is to be celebrated in New York.

Mr. Maelzel's automata are exciting much amusement in Charleston, S. C.

It is stated in the N. Y. Courier, that Washington Irving received \$38,000 for the copyrights of his three last publications, all which were published in the course of 18 months. The Carvills paid him \$10,000 for his Columbus.

Cooper's last novels have produced him about 13,000 dollars each.

The late North East Snow Storm come in, as usual, from the South West. It was 11 hours in passing from Philadelphia to Boston.

In Pawtucket "every cotton spindle is doing its duty, and very few individuals, disposed to labor, are out of employment."

THE TRAVELLER.

From Ash's Pocket Almanack for 1831.

SKETCH OF POTTSVILLE.

For any one from Cape Cod to New Orleans to say that he had not heard of the renowned town of Pottsville, would sound as marvellous as if an Arabian were to declare that he had never heard of Mahomet, or Mecca, of Kaaba, or of the Holy Well. There is scarcely a valley, however remote or cut off from the rest of the world, from Eastport to the Sabine, or from Cape Hatteras to Little Rock, that has not heard something of the fame of Pottsville.

Here, half a dozen summers since, there was not more than one shabby log hut standing, and the wild scenery of the spot where are now seen so much enterprise, activity and bustle, lay undisturbed in all its primitive grandeur and loneliness. The road to Sunbury over the broad mountain ran through it, and the weekly stage, in all its course from Philadelphia to the place of its destination, did not witness a more wild or desolate scene. Here and there the smoke might indeed be seen curling from some Dutchman's cottage, and waving in graceful folds above the trees, showing that man had dared to invade the forest, but these instances were few and far between; and the bear, the deer, and the fox, divided the empire of the woods among them. But now what a contrast! The genius of man has seldom raised such a monument of his own power—individual power, unaided by tariff, corporation or charter. The town of Pottsville—for under that name we shall include Mount Carbon, and Port Carbon, for they are three in one, if not one in three—contains upwards of four thousand people, besides the hordes of Tartar looking population hovering on its skirts. Many of the latter inhabit together in shanties or tents made of hemlocks, and covered with branches. They are all engaged in the laudable business of "penetrating the bowels of the earth." But mark gentle reader, and inwardly digest, when you hear that from this port, which is more than a hundred miles above tide water, there is a fleet of upwards of four hundred vessels—a fleet more formidable than that which bore the Greeks to the Trojan war, and composed of vessels the smallest of which is almost as large as that in which Columbus ventured to cross an unknown ocean. In the first week of October last, seventy-eight vessels cleared from Pottsville, carrying to the sea-board the rich mineral treasures of the district, and during the same period twenty-two arrived from Philadelphia laden with the luxuries of every clime.

The situation of the town is remarkable, being embosomed in lofty hills. Sharp Mountain in front of it, presents a surly and almost savage aspect, heightened by the almost black dismal caverns excavated from its side, and looking like entrances to the abode of Pluto, and the Norwegian, covered with coal dust sluggishly moving on, is no bad type of the Styx. The feeling produced on visiting Pottsville is, that it is no place for trifling, for every one wears a look of importance, and is plainly intent on playing his cards so as not to lose a trick; and a strong inclination is felt by the spectator to join in and take a hand. The interest of the game has overcome the scruples of many devout men, for you may see the grave Quaker, the ejaculating Methodist, and the sober Presbyterian sitting at the same table, and using all their ingenuity to get the odd trick; but what is most surprising, is that they all appear to get good cards, and are all perfectly satisfied with the result of their game.

It is curious to observe the motley mixture of people of all climes and complexions that have come to worship here. There you may see the pale citizen, who has been engaged all his life in measuring dry goods behind his counter, and who had never been out of the sight of the smoke of his own chimney, until he was tempted to go in quest of the golden fleece in the form of coal, in consultation deep

with a hardy, florid mountaineer, and you may perceive from their eager looks and animated gestures, that a spec of some magnitude is afloat.

Then again may be seen a Dutchman, whose ancestors came to friendly Pennsylvania nearly two centuries ago, a period as historians tell us, more than sufficient to blend two hostile races, and here he is, the same in language, manners, and hoary prejudices the same as when the first of his name left Rotterdam; there he stands with the title deed of his farm in his hand, and surrounded by half a dozen sharp looking fellows who are trying by words and sign to close a bargain with him, but he is keeping at bay as a good stout bull would a parcel of curs, though he seems at the same time afraid of being bit. No town of its size is so well supplied with every essential of luxury and convenience. Of Attornies there are plenty of the first repute, and with enough of activity to prevent the people from stagnating for want of excitement. And there are agents who will gladly execute any commission from one to ten thousand dollars. Fancy stores well supplied with ribbons and artificial flowers—a perfumer advertises all sorts of cosmetics, and a yankee schoolmaster for scholars. Doctors are there too, fresh from college, shining with the reflected science of Phisic and Chapman.

There is a ball-room, a church, and several excellent hotels and boarding houses, and the newspaper is one of the best conducted journals in the country. Two daily lines of stages run to Philadelphia, Reeside against Coleman, and they merit an eulogium for the vigor with which they crack their whips, the matchless fury of their driving, and their exquisite skill in upsetting. Pottsville has every requisite for becoming a great city; an uninterrupted water navigation by the canal to Philadelphia; coal enough to supply the world for thousands of years: and if the resources of the country shall be developed with the same untiring activity by the next, as it has been by the present generation Pottsville, bold as the assertion may seem, will rival the larger cities of the sea board in population and wealth.

* There are now four daily lines of stages between this place and Philadelphia.

MISCELLANY.

From the Journal of Health.

IS IT CATCHING?

We do not know of any question so often asked of a physician, as that respecting the contagious nature of a disease. "Doctor, is it catching?" is heard from the mouth of the nurse in the sick room.—"Is there any danger of me taking it?" is the address of a solicitous relative in the parlor; and it is well if the poor doctor be not waylaid in the entry by a servant, with the query, "Is it catching like?" and the sage additional remark of "I feel a-most afeard to go up stairs." If all this were mere display of idle curiosity, the physician could but smile at the simplicity which supposes him to have a charmed life; and that a malignant and contagious disease, which would drive away all others from the bed side, is to be fearlessly met by him. The question assumes an infinitely more serious character, when we know that on its solution depends all the comforts which a sick man has in his power to enjoy, and not unfrequently his life itself.

Few things are accredited on such slight, or we might rather say, on the entire absence of proof, as the contagiousness of a disease.—Hence in all epidemic visitations, no matter in what season, the cry of the crowd is, that one person catches the malady from another. O! it must be so, they allege; or why should all the members of the same family be attacked? "Or how comes it that neighbor A. was taken sick after that visit to his friend B. who was at the time so ill of the fever?" Does it never occur to these sage querists, that there

may be a community of cause in wide operation, to which all are exposed, but by which, owing to differences in constitution, from age, sex, and mode of living, and to other exposures, as to atmospherical vicissitudes and loss of sleep and anxiety, some will sicken more readily than others? Let us suppose, in that state of the air which gives rise to influenza or epidemic catarrh, that the father or head of a family, has been out all night carousing, (we wish the supposition were an improbable one,) or had been chilled through, by fixed standing in a damp place for hours, in the performance of his daily duty; he sickens, and has the influenza. Solicitude is naturally excited in the mind of his wife and children—they sit up with him, and are deprived of their usual rest—they are passing to and fro, in different parts of the house, at all hours, often in an undress—sometimes they may snatch a short nap by his bedside, without adequate covering: the economy of the house being deranged, meals are not taken with accustomed regularity, and the appetite moreover is impaired with anxiety or grief.—After all this, one or more is taken sick, and then what is the inference?—that the causes, above mentioned, conjoined with the altered external atmosphere, which has a constant tendency to affect the lungs, brought on the disease?—O no! this is too natural a process of reasoning, and withal demands some patience in investigation: the marvellous is preferred, and we soon hear it buzzed about that Mrs. or Miss—caught the disease from her husband or her father, as the case may be. Fresh sickness is followed necessarily by additional exposures and anxiety on the part of the remaining members of the family, and of course, increased liability to disease, and fresh absurdities about catching it. We have selected influenza as an example, because it is wide spread, and the evidently altered state of the atmosphere are such as to make most persons content with deriving it from this latter source, and yet the arguments in favor of its contagiousness are just as good as all those that have been adduced in favor of the contagiousness of any other winter epidemic, call it what you will, typhus pleurisy—putrid sore throat—spotted fever or cold plague. The same fallacies have prevailed respecting many other diseases, such as East Indian cholera, or our own bilious and yellow fevers.—Many persons will be affected by any one of these diseases, in a particular district of town or country, because there is at the time a deterioration of the air, either by exhalations, or excessive humidity and great alternations of temperature; there may be also defective or bad aliment, and water: sometimes all these are combined in the same region. The order of succession of attack will depend on the modifications in the state of the animal economy already pointed out. The localities of ague and fever, are generally so peculiar and well marked, that people are satisfied with this explanation, and do not think of referring the spread of the disease in a swampy region to contagion. If they would take a little pains, and the subject is surely worth it, they would see just as clearly the causes of autumnal fevers, and dysentery, and would not then be asking the absurd question whether or no they are catching.

What person of common humanity, can bear to see a poor fever-patient treated like the tenant of a lazaret house, and as an object only to be approached with dread and disgust; and all from the stupid fear that he should communicate his disease to those near him. The minister of the gospel might just as reasonably and humanely decline administering religious consolation and advice to the sick man, for fear of the contamination of evil thoughts, and vile passions to which the latter may at the moment be a victim.

The histories of epidemic diseases present, in contrast with signal disinterestedness, such mournful examples of the utter selfishness of man, growing out of ill-grounded fears respecting their true character, as to require us

again to advert to the subject, with a view of still farther correcting the yet too prevailing misconceptions respecting it.

REGULAR SLEEP.

The press of various matter has made us delay longer than it was our intention, the following communication of our respected correspondent in North Carolina:—

"John Wesley, from experiment, determined, that six hours sleep in the twenty-four, was the quantity adapted to the support of his system, and he never devoted any longer period to repose. (See Vol. I. p. 213—14. of this Journal.)—Wesley lived eighty-eight years, and retained a good degree of mental and bodily vigor to the last. He was of a thin spare habit of body, and possessed great mental excitability. Such persons require less sleep, than others of less vivacity of temper. Regular habits in regard to repose, are highly salutary. The custom of sleeping six or at farthest eight hours, when first adopted, may appear to afford an insufficient degree of rest; but the habit of devoting so many, and the self same hours, to sleep being persevered in, they will be soon found to be amply sufficient. The repose of the system would be more complete—in fact a greater amount of sleep would be enjoyed in a shorter period, than when ten, twelve, or more hours are spent in bed.

"A Spanish nap, I have found very useful; but then to be refreshing it must not be on a bed or cushion, but on a wooden frame, or 3 chairs, and better if with boots and hat on, and a whip in the hand. Under these circumstances, I have found in the western wilderness, a log form a delightful couch, from which, awakened by my servant after fifteen minutes of the most profound sleep, I would rise and pursue my travels with renovated vigor.

"There is now living in Wake forest, a man of the name of Arthur Wall, born in the state of N. C. who will be one hundred and ten years old on the 15th of Sept. next, and who, excepting a hernia, has enjoyed excellent health up to the present time. He is a tall thin man, has lived by his labor, but has not been a hard worker; has used spirituous liquors only occasionally, when he has visited the store or muster ground. He had the prudence to keep out of harm's way in all the wars, and never endangered his health by bullets, tainted beef, or wet lodgings.—He is a moderate eater, and always a regular sleeper, never being diverted from the habit, as he told me, 'of going to sleep with the fowls.'—He has never enjoyed the luxuries of life, nor experienced the want of its necessities—He is poor, content, and cheerful.

"I am convinced, gout is as much produced by want of regularity and sufficient sleep in the *bons vivants*, who are subject to that disease, as by the good things that are usually charged with it. I think I know one case of strong predisposition to gout, contracted by the abandonment of card playing, and other amusements and business that were incompatible with regular hours of sleep.—Colds and catarrhs will adhere pertinaciously to one who sits up late, that would be speedily removed by early going to bed."

A CANDID TESTATOR.—The following is an extract of the will of an eccentric individual who died some years ago in this island. From the pressure of the times, we are afraid that many of the present generation might, if they pleased, be equally candid:—"In the name of, &c. I—being of sound mind, &c. do make this my last will and testament. I first direct, that the whole of my funeral expenses shall be paid out of my estate—this the law directs: and I further direct, that out of my real and personal estate, my executors will discharge all my lawful and just debts, which if they do, they will be a pattern to all other executors in the island, and accomplish what I never could, after many fruitless endeavors during the last years of my life!"—The executors declined to act.—*Jamaica Cour.*

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Physic for the Poor.—Among other liberal donations to the poor, the receipt of which is publicly acknowledged, we observe three boxes of Pills from an apothecary. While the poor had nothing to eat, the pills were not at all necessary. But having recently received such an overabundance of the good things of this life, the judicious apothecary doubtless thought the pills might be necessary to prevent a surfeit.

Discouraging.—It is stated in one of the Lancaster, Pa. papers, that the snow between there and Paradise is from six to twelve feet deep. Alas for the Lancasters; they must continue in this world until a thaw—unless the road the other way should be more open.

Ploughing the Streets.—The ploughing of the streets of Boston has been commenced this week. It has been long predicted, by the Croakers, that we should come to this. Still the operation has not been performed to lay our great thoroughfares down to grass; but to level the mountains of snow, and render the rough places smooth.

Robbing the Grave.—Almon Hull, of Hartland, Vt. one of the young men mentioned as having been apprehended at Castleton, charged with disintering the body of Mrs. Churchill, has been examined, and held to bail in the sum of \$1000, to appear for trial before the next County Court, to be held at Rutland.

Drinking too deep.—The Springfield Republican gives an account of a foolish young fellow in Enfield, Con. who undertook to drink as much liquor as some other foolish fellows would pay for. At the eleventh glass he fell senseless. In this condition he was taken to the barn, where he spent the cold night, and was found in the morning nearly dead—when being brought in and laid by the fire, he soon expired!

The Montreal Gazette complains that the postmaster refused to forward that paper to mail subscribers, without the postage being paid in advance by the publisher, which demand, after the papers had lain a day or two in the post office, he was obliged to comply with. This is worse than the condition of things in the U. S. where if a publisher gives away ever so many papers, he is not obliged to pay the postage.

Another Abduction.—The Albany Daily Advertiser gives an account of an attempted abduction in that city, on Friday evening week. As a young man was passing through Howard street, a rope prepared with a noose was thrown over his head, by some persons secreted in an alley. The man struggled violently and cried out most lustily, and a large number soon assembled. The rope was left, but the persons who threw it were missing.

Mr. Walter Linch, aged 27, on his way to visit his sister, who lived 8 miles from Baltimore on the railroad, was found frozen to death on the road about 7 miles from B. It is thought he expected the railroad car would overtake him, and he had a ticket in his pocket.

A mechanic of New York has gone to Washington for a patent, and to submit to the Navy Board, a percussion lock for cannon, as durable and certain as those for small arms. The locks heretofore used for cannon would scarcely stand three or four rounds, the force exerted against any thing covering the vent of a 32 pounder being estimated at nearly half a ton.

We understand, says the New York Mercantile Advertiser, that Mr. Hackett has just accepted an engagement at the Park, and that the new Comedy by Mr. Paulding, "The Lion of the West, or a Trip to Washington," will be produced at that Theatre early in the month of April. During the same engagement, Mr. H. second best Comedy, "The Moderns, or A Trip to the Springs," will also be brought out.

A black man attempted to enter a store, near Elkton, Md. a few nights since, by way of the chimney—got caught near the top, and had to roar out for help; after many hours durance, he was taken thence to the Justice, and there served with thirty-nine lashes!

In Boston last year, there were 1135 deaths; of which 193 were from Consumption, and 152 from diseases unknown.

The Bath Directory boasts of a lawyer named Physic, a doctor called Law, a parson named Rant, and an actor called Church.

A French paper called *The Hemisphere* was attempted some time ago in this city; and, after a little time, a wag observed of the Editor that he had worked a sort of miracle—he had made a hemisphere flat.

A friend of ours overheard yesterday the following dialogue between a seller of Almanacs and a farmer in the market: "Buy a copy of my Almanac,—I know it's good, for I made it myself." Farmer—"That must have been a hard job." "Why not so hard: the calculating part is easy enough; but the tough work is the prognosticating." This is the main difficulty of the politicians.—*Nat. Gas.*

Interesting to the Ladies.—The Journal of Health strongly recommends simple soap and water, as the best wash for preserving the complexion, instead of the thousand varieties of cosmetic lotions which are so much used. There are five beautifiers of the skin, viz:—personal cleanliness, regular exercise, temperance, pure air, and cheerful temper. Let all pouting beauties ponder on this. The Journal puts its veto on the use of distilled liquor, Cologne water, &c. and insists that, to use them for a wash, is to destroy the suppleness, transparency and smoothness of the skin, and to cover it with unsightly blotches.

Singular Blessing.—Oglander, in his Memoirs of the Isle of Wight, written in 1700, gives us the following record of a blessing formerly enjoyed by that favored spot—"I have heard," says our author, "and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore was there no lawyer or attorney in the Wight, but, in Sir George Cary's time, 1583, an attorney, coming to settle there, was, by his command, and with a pound of candles hanging at his skirt, lighted, with bells about his legs hunted out of the island."

The Publisher of the Boston Evening Gazette threatens to increase the size of that paper, as soon as the advertisements will warrant. Lord have mercy on its readers then! It is impossible to peruse it now without spreading it on the floor, (where you can find a room big enough) and travelling along the columns, as you would over a turnpike road.

The demand for houses in West Chester, says the American Republican, has never been half so great as within the present season. During the last summer more than fifty buildings were erected; of these not one remains unoccupied—and if double the number had been to let, it would have scarcely supplied the demand. It is thought that fifty houses could be rented before the first of April, if it were possible to erect them. Numerous applications are made by persons at a distance, who wish to make West Chester a place of residence.

The emigration to the west, especially to Michigan and Missouri, is said to be unprecedented. Twenty years ago, the "Genessee country" was considered by us Yankees as almost the extreme boundary of the hardest enterprise. But now, "far west" is at a much greater distance on the one side, than the old east on the other. What was then a tedious, uncomfortable six weeks journey, is now performed with ease and comfort in three days; and when we get railroads and steam carriages, it can be effected in less than one. The time may come, when we shall breakfast at New York, dine at Buffalo, sup at Detroit, and get to Green Bay early enough for parade the next morning.

Bronson French is about to publish a grammar at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He says there is no book, "except the book of Jasher, written grammatically for 4000 years past, or from the building of Babel. But the time has come; and the tongue of the Egyptian sea shall be destroyed!"

There is a sect of Christians in Philadelphia who do not allow themselves to eat animal food, and believe that the soul is transfused through the body, and the contamination of any member is the annihilation of such a portion of the soul.

In Providence, last week, a well dressed man drove furiously up to the house of a respectable mechanic, whose wife only was at home, and leaving a bundle on the floor, drove off. In it was a babe but two or three hours old.

For a fine, clear, and transparent kind of glue, which will unite glass so as to render the fracture almost imperceptible, nothing is equal to isinglass boiled in spirits of wine.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 19.

PLEASURE.—Pleasure, though experienced by all, cannot be defined; yet its empire is most despotic. To endeavor to exist without it is a chimera, but to yield to it a blind and slavish obedience is utterly to degrade human nature. Instances have been known of persons, who, resolving to abjure all pleasure, have sunk into that dreadful torpor of the mind, which has ended in melancholy madness, while on the other hand, those who give themselves up to every pleasure without restraint, sink to a level with the brute creation, and deserve no longer to be classed with reasonable beings. The first forget the fragile materials of which they are composed, and in aspiring to be all mind, they cease to be even rational. The latter forget what they owe to their dignity of soul, that noble gift with which heaven endowed them, and following only the impulses of animal propensities, they render themselves like unto the beasts that perish. There is moreover, more danger in an inordinate love of pleasure, than in the voluntary deprivation of it; but either its unrestrained indulgence, or its abjuration, are opposed to happiness, and contrary to reason.

There are pleasures which belong to the mind, which are separate from those of the senses; yet these may or may not have a mutual dependence on each other, but certain it is that the pleasures of the mind have a superiority over all others. An irregular life is the sure means of destroying fortune, health and reputation, and brings about those fatal changes in our circumstances which we seek in vain to meliorate, or bring back to the prosperous state we have enjoyed.

Woe to those who fancy that pleasure exists only in the gratification of the senses; true pleasure is built on a firmer foundation; ignorant of the pleasures of the mind, which last forever, and help to bear us up against every calamity of life, they run after transitory delights, which depend not on themselves, and which expire, precisely at that period when they are most needful to sweeten the bitter dregs of life—for these pleasures are short in proportion as they are exquisite—a few moments of joy during a long life, cannot shut our eyes to their perishable nature.

Study, reflection, knowledge—it is these that exalt the mind to the fruition of true enjoyment. Books, well chosen, are to the mind what wholesome food is to the body. Pleasure does not fly from us; it presents itself to us in a thousand different ways, nor does it murmur at our preferring one above another. If we choose amies, we only are in fault, and we shall find ourselves punished for an evil choice, by the state of languor and weariness into which we shall inevitably fall. The pleasures of those conditions of life we despise, often excite our envy; we should enjoy them with the same zest, if we could but persuade ourselves that labor sweetens pleasure—we may indeed take it for granted as an established fact, that labor sweetens pleasure—we may rest assured that an idle life is always a dull one. In order to procure pleasure, to how many years do we resort to obtain what is not worth our pains, while we despise the means that are most easy, as we refuse to place confidence in that physician who prescribes the simplest remedies.

HEALTH.—This is the age, of all others, when people are taught to journalise their stomachs, and to guard with strict propriety their habits. What may be the effect in prolonging life, we cannot tell; but in all probability some good re-

sults will be observed. Lewis Cornaro's case presents a striking exemplification of what may be done by care, and as we have not seen any of the guardians of health notice his case, a short abstract may prove interesting to our readers.

Lewis Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, had brought his body into such a state of decay in his 36th year, by intemperance and excess, that his physicians assured him that he must very soon die, unless he altered his way of living.—Cornaro had sufficient courage to set about this important change. He confined himself to a certain quantity of food, exactly weighed out to him daily, kept himself from all excess of wine, from all violent passions, and indeed was temperate in all things. With this regimen he lived healthy, alert, and without feeling any of the infirmities of age, till he arrived at his hundredth year, when without any previous sickness or pain, he fell into a kind of swoon, and presently expired. In his 70th year being on a journey, he was overturned in a carriage, and being dragged by the frightened horses, he dislocated an arm and leg, and received several wounds in the head; he recovered however, in a short time, from all the effects of this accident, without the assistance of a physician. He retained all his senses in perfection, till his death; his spirits were brisk, and his voice continued so good, that at times when in the select society of his friends, he used to sing the songs he had learned in his youth. In the last year of his life he took no more daily than twelve ounces of wholesome food, and fourteen ounces of drink. By the same system of moderation his wife also reached to extreme old age, and survived him several years. In his 95th year he published a small treatise which is now before us, wherein he points out the means by which he had attained so great an age. The following extract seems to embody the essence of his art:

"But for preserving this health in an uninterrupted vigor, nothing more is necessary than temperance and regular living. This is the natural and infallible of keeping even persons of the tenderest frame in constant health, and of continuing their lives to an hundred and more; the means of preserving them from an immature and painful death, and at last causes man to die in calmness and serenity, when his powers are exhausted."

This healthy old man did not abjure good wine, neither did he use spirituous liquor—let all who wish to live contentedly and die calmly, give up the latter—there is no longer any dispute about its horrible effects.

One of the largest and best printed newspapers in the United States, is published in the Territory of Michigan! The *Detroit Courier*, (a number of which we have received) appears in a more imposing form than do many of our city papers, either as regards its full imperial size, the typographical execution, or the tact and intelligence displayed in its contents. So much for the far off wilderness, which many of our citizens no doubt imagine filled by the wild beasts and savages of the forest. The spirit of improvement and enterprise is operating like the wand of a magician, transforming the wilderness into cultivated fields, adorned with villages and cities. The *Courier* contains a notice from the "Managers of the City Assembly," requesting the military gentlemen to appear in full uniform, and the citizens in such decorations as their taste may dictate, at the ball in celebration of the "triumph of liberal principles in France." This is followed by information from the post master of the city that a mail will be made up for Michillimackinac and Sault de Ste Marie!

THE SCHUYLKILL.—This little river, which formerly was of but small value to our citizens, now supplies us with three very important items of luxury, comfort and convenience. Most of us can remember when mineral waters were first introduced. At that time ice was a luxury unknown in summer, except to a few wealthy individuals; but one person, it is believed, then sold the article, while very few had any conveniences for storing it. In case of sickness requiring ice, it was a matter of great difficulty to procure it. Now, Schuylkill ice is dispensed from numerous carts at twenty-five cents per week to each family. Fuel coming down the Schuylkill is of still more recent introduction, but at present forms a very important item in our list of comforts. The introduction of Schuylkill water too, most citizens remember—when the old disgusting rain-water casks gave way before the ever gushing fountain at our very doors. A ride or a walk to the banks of this valuable stream at this season, discloses an interesting scene.—The ice merchants are busily employed close by the coal yards—the one laying up *coolness* for summer, while the others are supplying the means of heat for our immediate comfort. The elegant, effective and simple water pumps, are constantly throwing up their ceaseless supplies for our food, drink and baths, at all seasons scattering one of the greatest luxuries and comforts known to man. Thus has our formerly insignificant river been made to minister to our wants. Without it, (now we feel its benefits) we should be almost lost—with it, we scarcely appreciate its value. Deprived of the Schuylkill river, Philadelphia would lose much of its attractions, and very soon dwindle to a second-rate city. The Delaware it is true offers many facilities, but without its little partner, its operations would be comparatively limited. The resources of the Delaware have yet to be opened—its head waters meander through a most important district of country, rich in mineral treasures. When they are brought to our doors, and the Susquehanna secured by rail roads and canals, there would appear no limit to the prosperity of Philadelphia—a city whose high destinies none can doubt. Where we remember cornfields and orchards, are now seen handsome streets and warehouses. Where now we see nothing but farms, the generation just entering upon life will see palaces.

SOUP HOUSES.—Passing by a sign in Fifth Street opposite Powell, the other morning, with "Soup House" written on it, we followed a crowd well supplied with pans, pitchers, and tin kettles, and witnessed the distribution of one of the most efficient charities of modern times.—Three gentlemen of the society, who take the charge alternately, were in attendance, ready to grant tickets to those bringing good recommendations from citizens of known respectability, and when these can not be procured, they visit the houses of the applicants to ascertain their real situation. The soup is of an excellent quality, as we can attest after demolishing a large bowl in compliment to the society. It is made from the best beef, vegetables, barley or beans, and brings comfort to many a needy and sick family. From two to three hundred quarts are daily distributed, and in cases of great need, a loaf of good bread is added. The committee of supplies appointed at the late town meeting, placed at the disposal of this meritorious institution many hundred of loaves weekly. A more judicious mode of distributing they could scarcely have adopted; were we called upon to designate a plan for affording relief in the most efficient manner, we certainly should name Soup Houses. As we left the building, a cart drove up loaded with potatoes and other vegetables,

a present from a generous farmer whose name we are not permitted to mention. Let those who wish to know the luxury of doing good, go and see this institution, and give from their abundance where valuable relief will be immediate.

THE QUACKERY OF PUFFING.—We have a mind to tell the public a great secret—it has long lain heavy on our conscience, and at last—here it is. There is a system of puffery employed in this city, by which the public are monstrously imposed upon. We shall petition the Mayor or some "proper authority," to suppress the nuisance—to unsaddle the chafed back of the public, and let them "go free," follow their own inclinations, their own judgments, and their own amusements.

It is no part of our duty to name names—people are ready sighted when game is in view.—If we do no execution by our shots, we may at least help to frighten the nuisance away. In Philadelphia itself the thing is understood by many, while others continue to be deceived.—We shall try to open their eyes. There are a number of individuals who have risen into something resembling public fame and reputation, but which, if properly understood and appreciated, is nothing but *notoriety*. We will state how such things *might* happen, that people may no longer award the meed of fame to what is fictitious, false and sickly.

A man with more money than brains, having little to do but receive the adulation of hangers on and little minds, begins to think at last that he is a great man. Here his thoughts, in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred, find a resting place, and the public, who are removed from his sphere of action, hear nothing more of the matter. But in the hundredth case, some locality, connexion, or accidental benefit conferred upon some individual having command of a press, produces a new state of things. If that press is one of influence, and has echoes of the right kind, the self-constituted great man becomes a *very* great man—his actions have new motives, differing materially from ordinary people's—he is puffed and praised, placed at the head of long lists of respectable names—becomes *notorious*, and when strangers visit the city, their first wish is to see the newspaper-great-man. This we say is a case which *might* happen, and probably will at some future day.

But to come to what *has* happened, and what *will* happen again, if the public do not wash the film from their eyes. A play-wright produces a tragedy or comedy, as the case may be—he possesses the acquaintance of a controller of the press who cannot withstand importunity, obtains admission for puffs written by himself, as well as puffs from his friends. The public are told that the author has talent and all that, so often, and in so many ways, that people who never see the ground on which this opinion is formed, at last conclude it is so—it must be so—what motive can there be for Philadelphians to promulgate such an opinion, unless it is true. Shakspeare is forgotten in this silly scramble—he is not mentioned—he is not *notorious*—he has no *personal* friend to trumpet his beauties—in fact he has *real* merit, which asks not meretricious bolstering; it would scorn a puff, and be injured by fulsome flattery—genius rejects this species of notoriety, unless it is the spontaneous offering of a disinterested and a qualified judge of merit. Think of Shakspeare, or of Sheridan writing inflated criticisms on their own plays!

This abuse does not stop here—it extends to writers in *Annals*, we need not say to cabinet ministers and foreign ambassadors. It is employed upon medical quackery, theatrical performers, stage drivers, and elephants. Printers

receive a full share of its benefits—a publisher who is liberal with copies of books, shall receive more praise and puffery than Sir Walter Scott. Mock poets are particularly anxious for, and receive double doses of the emetic—for it is an emetic which acts upon the healthy stomach precisely like antimonial wine, causing it to reject what is thus forced upon its acceptance.—It is high time the people were undeceived in these matters; and the pen which would expose their nothingness would deserve at least a passing notice. This paper has never consented to exalt unworthy pretensions—it has rather taken the unpopular side in such matters, and held itself aloof from the current practice of forcing into notice unfledged tyros and untried expectants of popularity. We shall continue the same course, as the most manly and ingenuous, however we may offend those who, having been successful with others, found a claim upon the press which when sifted, has no foundation or substance. Genuine merit and true genius, which are always modest and retiring, on the contrary shall receive at our hands the reward they are entitled to.

"O, genius! thine is a glorious birth,
To thee is the sceptre given—
Thou guidest the waters, embellishest earth,
And makest more musical heaven:
The flowers are fairer, the streams more bright,
The woods are of a richer green—
There is every where beauty, & every where light,
Where the hand of the master hath been."

In penning the foregoing remarks, we have avoided invidious reflections, and kept out of view individuals of all classes. We hope there are none so besotted with fulsome flattery as to take generalities for personalities, and thus call down upon themselves a cause of censure which properly belongs to the periodical press. Individuals consult their own interests in thus palming themselves on public notice—they may be laughed at and pitied for their pains—the *censure* falls on other shoulders.

The cold weather which we have lately experienced, and which has frozen all nature up, has afforded a fine field for the exertions of the benevolent. How often as we have seen shivering and meritorious poverty suffering for fuel, food and raiment, have we wished to be *rich*—but then we recollected that it is not always the rich who are most prone to *giving* to the needy. Conning over these reflections, we took up pen, and the following short essay is the result:

RICHERS.—The advantages and dangers attendant on riches are well known; but few agree on the use that ought to be made of them, or appreciate their value justly. Every one desires riches, yet those who have least, generally cry out against them; few speak of riches as they ought, but fewer still devote their wealth to the real happiness of themselves or others. The possession of riches brings with it cares and pleasures, which leave but too little room for friendly reflections towards the children of poverty. Often the rich man dies without having once made them, and too many who are born in the lap of plenty, scarcely know what poverty means.

Riches have become so desirable, they have acquired so formidable a reputation, we so easily attain our ends by their means, that it is not surprising to find the multitude more eager in providing for their wants than in reflecting on the source from whence they proceed; aiming only to attain riches, but blind as to the true means of acquiring and enjoying them. A rich man who is virtuous, is like a good king—an image most resembling the supreme being; he has not only the power to perform good actions, but he exerts that power for the happiness of

those beneath him. In his hands are the palliatives for almost every misfortune of life; for riches can soften those afflictions that it is impossible totally to cure.

But instead of putting riches to that use which alone gives them real brilliancy, they are most commonly applied to purposes for which they were never designed; a man becomes proud in proportion as riches increase, and despising those who are poor, he becomes haughty, insolent and cruel. Through the weakness of human nature there is scarcely a rich man who can be called *happy*, or who knows how to enjoy his wealth. He spends in pomp, in outward gratifications, or in hoarding, what he ought to employ in procuring to himself those real pleasures which would make him a benefactor of his race. If he were once acquainted with the pleasure it affords, he would never deny himself that heartfelt happiness of bestowing a part of his abundance on the poor and needy; unhappily many rich men know not that such a happiness exists.

Agar said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," a wish, the nature of which can only be understood by the wise. It is rarely desired in modern times—no one labor for a bounded income, or if they do, they are secretly discontented they could not farther advance themselves. The middle station, so much boasted of and so rational, does not suit the taste of us moderns—it is admired in the description, as we admire a pleasing picture. We think too, that such a state must be a happy one, but we purposely avoid the pursuit of it, and it would be probably a loss of time to preach to the world, or even to those actually enjoying it, the charms of mediocrity. In the whirl of business, and the multiplicity of trifling events of which life is composed, how few have leisure to reflect on the advantages of mediocrity, and how few wish to embrace it; it is out of date; the present mania is the endeavor to acquire riches; we live in hopes of obtaining and enjoying them; the first does not often happen, and the second, when thus eagerly obtained, *never*!

Our citizens have been highly favored, those at least who delight in *skating*, with abundance of this enticement to manly exercise. The Delaware has been in excellent order for nearly three weeks, and the crowds who have constantly appeared upon its glassy surface, have not been terrified by any slippings-through into airholes. On Sunday last, it is probable that fifteen thousand persons were amusing themselves by sliding and skating on the river, while the numerous booths, or travelling dram-shops, which were located at short distances apart, throughout the whole city front, were observed to do a brisk business in hot punch, smoked sausages, crackers, and ten-for-a-cent cigars. Sober citizens, whom we have observed never exceed a regular dog-trot, while walking our streets, were now capering round with the agility of a feather in a whirlwind. The hulk upon the Island, dirty and offensive as it is, was crowded with skaters, who broke off occasionally to warm the outer as well as the inner man, and from the oceans of "smallers" which two or three expert flourishes of the toddy-stick were unceasingly dealing out, we should suppose a stiff business was done. In former times, that is eight or ten years ago, as much as \$500 was said to be taken at the hulk of a Sunday during the skating season, and nearly as much on Saturdays. In those times however, it was kept clean and comfortable.

A project is on foot which we believe is no longer a secret, by which the funds of the Pennsylvania Hospital will be materially enlarged. It is, to sell or let on ground rent, the northern

half of the square of unoccupied ground between Seventh and Eighth Streets, on which there will probably be erected handsome and convenient dwellings. By this means some important changes will be made in the accommodations for the insane, and the sphere of usefulness of the institution be less circumscribed.—We should be glad to see this square occupied by houses after the fashion of those in the new town, Edinburgh, where "crescents," or houses gradually receding from each corner produce a very imposing and elegant effect. It is time (in the opinion of some) that we had something to destroy the dull uniformity of our streets, and another favorable opportunity may not soon occur.

***INVESTMENT OF MONEY.**—A lawyer being consulted the other day by a lady, how to dispose of her cash to the best advantage, replied, "If you want principal without interest, buy land; if interest without principal, lend your money on mortgage; but if principal and interest, purchase in the stocks."

COAL GAS.—The gas from anthracite coal was near occasioning serious effects to the members of the N. Y. Councils at their last meeting. The stove pipes became stopped and the gas consequently escaped into the room; one of the Aldermen was overcome and fainted, and others were taken ill. We must say, the senses of these wise men of Gotham were very obtuse, or they would have been sensible of the presence of the offensive effluvia, and have had it obviated before they became insensible.

A friend from Pendleton furnishes us with the following item of sporting intelligence. A young gentleman in Bath county, Mr. John Williams, killed two large bucks, the horns of which were so interlocked that they could not disengage themselves. There is no doubt they had had a combat, and from observations which Mr. W. made, he supposed they had been in this situation several days. The horns were so securely fastened that he could not separate them without breaking off one of the prongs. The bucks were killed at two shots, and the one which escaped the first ball, carried the other about one hundred yards before he met "a leaden death."—*Staunton (Va.) Spectator.*

However remarkable the above narrative may seem, we have no doubt of its truth.—There is to be seen at Peale's Museum, a huge pair of antlers, interlocked in so complete and complicated a manner as to defy all human efforts to separate them without breaking off a portion. They were found by a hunter in the western country, on the spot where the miserable owners had probably perished through hunger, from being unable to procure food while their antlers were thus united—a union which no doubt took place in a battle. It is likely that the two bucks killed as above stated, would soon have perished from hunger.

The English papers announce that we are to be honored by a visit from the poet Campbell, who has renounced the Editorship of the London New Monthly Magazine. He will probably visit our friends of the Valley of Wyoming, and trace the scene of his elegant poem in person. May we not hope too, that he will report the true state of our society to his countrymen at home.

A writer in the National Gazette proposes that the streets before churches be macadamised, which would effectually prevent inconvenience from noise, as well as the necessity of using chains. We should like to see it tried, and it may result in our having finally that great desideratum, good carriage ways, without the everlasting jolting, which renders a ride for pleasure a ride of pain.

LITERARY.

ANOTHER BOOK.—We have before us the promised new book about John Paul Jones, which was announced some months since as the real and only true history of this great naval hero. It has evidently been manufactured by the job, and by no master workman—a worse specimen of book making has rarely met our eyes—we regret to say this, but truth demands it. Miss Taylor, the owner of the manuscripts of her uncle, has not done wisely to entrust them to incompetent hands. The two duodecimos published from the same papers in England were infinitely better concocted, though the Editor of the present book of course decries them. We can afford room but for one extract. The Editor says on the last page of his volume, "The ocean which he traversed, to maintain the holy cause in which he had embarked, was one, and indivisible, save by fragile barriers, which could only make stagnant a portion of its waters, incalculably small, and the loss of which the fountains of the great deep would instantaneously supply." We have puzzled over this and many equally inspired sentences, to discover a meaning in vain. To make the matter better, the book can only be had of the travelling agent—booksellers are not even to have a sight of it unless at the retail price of two dollars and a half! American heroes have so far found very incompetent biographers—we hope times will alter for the better.

THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

The attraction at this establishment of late has been Miss Kelly and Mr. Finn. They have succeeded in drawing good houses, with some exceptions, and we have no doubt that the managers have been the gainers. The lady's benefit on Saturday night was fair, and the entertainment—*All in the Wrong*, and *Perfection*—excellent. Her playing, though much inferior to what it was some years since, is better than it has been during her two or three last engagements in this city. Many of the foolish airs and affectations which had been assumed until habit had nearly confirmed them, have in a measure been discarded, though it must be admitted a sufficiency still remains to mar scenes that would otherwise pass for fine specimens of acting.—With generally a correct conception of her author, and the ability of imparting life and spirit to his portraits, she is apt to run into excesses, or affect a mincing lackadaisical prettiness which sets nature and good taste at defiance. There is sometimes too, a manifestation of indifference to her audience, which, whether arising from former indulgences or a too high opinion of her own importance, is equally reprehensible. With a figure graceful and imposing beyond any on the stage, and a countenance which, though not remarkable for its beauty, is susceptible of great expression, and a most commanding queen-like dignity, she might ere this have reached a point in her profession which we now question her ever touching.

Mr. Finn has no superior in his line that we have witnessed. His mind is of a peculiar order—original, fertile and cultivated—capable of seizing with readiness and embodying to perfection the best conceptions of the laughter-loving muse. His benefit on Wednesday evening testified the estimation in which his talents are held, both as a player and author. During his engagement the *Hypocrite* has been several times repeated, and with its usual success. His Mawworm is nature itself, a true personation of ignorance and bigotted presumption. His original "Lecture upon the Age" was given with admirable effect. The abandoned hypocrite Cant-

well, never had a better representative than in *Wemyss*.

Both Miss Kelly and Mr. Finn are re-engaged at this theatre, where also Mr. Dwyer, an actor of some merit in genteel comedy has made his appearance.

A series of fine comedies have been produced at this theatre, much to the public satisfaction. The stock company alone is very perfect, and with the auxiliary aid of Miss Kelly and Mr. Finn, who have had a re-engagement, present an effective force which is not excelled, if indeed it is equalled at any other theatre in the country. The players exert themselves with so good a grace, and almost invariably appear backed with so fine a flow of spirits—the life, body and soul of comedy—that we have hardly a relish for any thing else; and to judge from the capital humor in which the audience is generally kept, the play-going public is pretty much of the same opinion.

On Wednesday evening, *Hamlet* was served up, (for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time) to a very fair house, for the purpose of introducing Finn as the philosophical prince. His performance of that character, one of the most arduous and least understood in the whole range of the drama, was really very good, much better than we had any idea the comic blade could accomplish. There were few fine points in the performance, no startling passages to take the listener by surprise, or thrill him with amazement; but to compensate for the absence of any brilliant and absorbing flashes, there was throughout an uniform adherence to nature, a palpable illustration of the text as set down by Shakspeare, approaching as near to our conception of the part as any we have ever witnessed. Miss Kelly was respectable as Ophelia, though it is not a character in which her exuberant spirit is calculated to shine. Miss K. takes a benefit this evening, when the fine old comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* will be brought forward, with other entertainments. There will be a full house and first rate playing.

On Monday evening next, Mr. Lamb, one of the Managers, is to have a benefit. We have no doubt it will be such. His indefatigable exertions claim for him an ample remuneration. But independent of his own individual claims, and the best exertions of the whole strength of the regular company, he has furnished a bill of fare which will prove a rich treat, by securing the powerful aid of Miss Kelly, Mr. Finn and Mr. Cuddy, the exquisite and unrivalled performer on the flute. Monsieur Barbere and Madam Hutin have also been engaged at a heavy expense, and will make their first appearance on Monday evening, to aid in the general display to be made for the benefit of Mr. Lamb.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter from our friend and ally at Terre Haute is received, and our books corrected accordingly. The remittance of 1830 is now properly credited. When shall we hear again?

We should have no objection to an essay from an "Old Bachelor," but he must remember that ladies can be witty when provoked, and that old Bachelors are fair sport.

"B. G." is informed that the work we were requested to notice has not been received.

We must request "Viator," when next he sends us advice, to pay his postage. Advice is always a cheap article in the market, but "Viator's" was very dear. He will understand.

"G. A." will find in our next week's paper an article explaining in full the contents of the Boston report in relation to Philadelphia prisons.—It is crowded out by the foreign news.

We must decline "The Social Glass."

CLIPPINGS.

Sleighting.—The keepers of livery stables are growing fat with the constant employment of their beasts, which, with bar men and waiting maids of the country taverns, are losing flesh on account of their forced vigils.

A child perished, while returning from school, in Pomfret, Conn. on Saturday week. He was found within 10 rods of home, in a snow drift.

The number of American vessels on Lake Erie is 69, and their aggregate burden is 5,024 tons. Ten of these vessels are steam boats.—The number of British vessels on the lake is 17. Tonnage unknown.

Cotton is flowing into Mobile in great abundance, says the Mobile Register. The late rains have occasioned an uncommon rise in the rivers. The Tuscumbea steamboat discharged her freight on the highest part of the bluff of Montgomery, which is forty feet above low water mark.

A report has been presented to the legislature of Alabama, by a select committee, which recommends connecting the rivers Coosa and Alabama, by removing "impenetrable barriers and everlasting hills."

By the last official returns published in England, the Savings Banks amounted to 487, with a capital of nearly fifteen millions sterling. The deposits amounted to more than half a million.

Three young men have lately been fined \$25 each and costs, at Buffalo, N. Y. for singing and using indecent language in a stage, thereby forcing two respectable females to leave it.

The annual revenue collected at the port of New York for the last five years has averaged about thirteen millions and a half of dollars—being more than one half of the duties collected in the whole union.

Constable Meigs, at Albany, lately arrested one Cooney, a stage driver, for having counterfeit bills. C. tried to swallow three 5's, but Meigs took him by the throat, and he disgorged.

100,000 hogs are estimated as the slaughter of the last season in Ohio.

The Pittsburg papers mention the rapid progress towards the completion of the building destined for the western University.

Archibald Cooper, at Musquash, Canada, lately killed himself by drinking a large quantity of rum in a barn; whereupon a coroner's inquest was held, and the verdict returned was drawn up in the form of that of wilful murder.

A gentleman being in a candle factory in London on business, slipped into a vat of melted, but not very hot fat. As he rose a workman tried to pull him out, but he slipped through his fingers. A second pull brought the sufferer out in the shape of a huge candle, ten to the ton!

Long Cattle.—In the Newburyport Herald, Mr. Jonathan Chase, of Seabrook, advertises for sale a pair of oxen *thirty-six feet* long. This beats her royal highness, the Princess of Siam, all to nothing, as a body may say.

Mr. Macomber's elastic hats, made in Maine, which can be put in the pockets as well as an opera cap, are stiffened with a preparation of gum elastic, and cannot be distinguished from hats generally worn.

Diaper was first manufactured at Ypres, and its name is a corruption of that place.

The population of the State of New York is estimated at 1,934,368, and it appears nearly equals that of the whole of the New England States united.

It is stated in the New Bedford Mercury, that the oldest citizens do not recollect a snow storm of so long continuance or when so much snow has fallen; it is estimated there at 4 feet on a level. The storm in 1778 was perhaps equally severe.

In Cincinnati, a quantity of fine white sugar has been received from the Colony at Liberia; it is superior to the best white Havana and afforded at the same price.

The citizens of Louisville, who at first were opposed to the passage of the Lexington Rail Road through that town, have since consented to permit the Road to run through it, and have subscribed 190,000 dollars to the stock of the Company.

Negro Stealing.—Dr. Allen has been convicted at Opelousas, La. for negro stealing, and sentenced to 14 years imprisonment, at hard labor.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The bedstead of the lovely and unfortunate Queen Mary having excited much curiosity, we give the following as its tragical history:—"When Mary Queen of Scots was at Tutbury Castle, in custody of George Earl of Shrewsbury, Drouilla Rabasan, or Robson, a tenant's daughter, served her in the capacity of a chambermaid. This Drouilla remained till the Queen was executed; she had the Queen's bed-room furniture given her. Among other articles there was a gold candlestick, a carved bedstead, with crimson velvet hangings, trimmed with broad lace, and a chest upon a stand, with places under to lay out the robes. Drouilla died four months after the Queen's execution, leaving the furniture to her family. Her brother sold the gold candlestick; and one Margaret Rabason sold the gold lace to a Jew for 30s. On the 2d of April, 1772, Samuel Rabason gave the carved bedstead to his daughter Margaret, wife of George Northwood. After her death he brought the bedstead, chest, and other articles, with his own furniture, to Choulton Bridge, near Bishop's Castle, in England. He died, leaving them to his niece, Eliza Jackson, who says, 'I think it was in 1783 when I first saw the bedstead: a golden cross hung at the head; I remember seeing four chains, which I was told were used to fasten up the bed, I remember a cambric cap, trimmed with broad lace, which my uncle said was the Queen's—it was given to a man who waited on him. After his death I brought the curtains out of the chest, and finding them in tatters and moth-eaten, parted with them to a travelling pedlar.'

We find the annexed articles in one of our late London papers. Honor to whom honor is due.

"NEW AMERICAN NOVELIST.—The country of the celebrated Cooper may exult in the possession of a female novelist who approaches as nearly to Miss Edgeworth as the author of the Water Witch does to Sir Walter Scott. The name of this highly gifted lady is Miss Sedgwick, whose works are honorable alike to her sex and birth-place. Of these the best is the lately published "Hope Leslie," now in a second edition, a story of trans-Atlantic manners. The chief characters are a young English couple, who, during the reign of Charles I, emigrate from their native land for conscience' sake, and find, in the country of their adoption, scenes, companions and adventures, which though at first startling enough, are not uncongenial to pure and active hearts. To pious minds especially, this union "of sweet fiction and sweet truth," will be a store house full of delightful entertainment."

"SIR WALTER SCOTT.—It is with great pleasure that we give a place to the following interesting particulars—more interesting, when duly considered, than any that have been published of the great and good author of Waverley.

"It appears the firm of Ballantyne & Co. with which Sir Walter was connected, and which, through the failure of the house of Constable, also failed a few years ago, have paid, in two dividends, the sum of £54,000. Of this sum, the whole was contributed by Sir Walter Scott, except 6 or £7,000. He has, in addition, paid up the premium for the policy on his own life, by which a *post obit* interest of £22,000 is secured to the creditors of the firm; and he has furnished the whole of the notes and other addenda of the cheap edition of his works, which has already realized to the creditors a further sum of £30,000! We understand that the trustees on the bankrupt estate of Ballantyne & Co. have called a meeting of the creditors, to whom it is their intention to recommend, as an acknowledgment of the sense they entertain of Sir Walter's most honorable conduct, to request his acceptance of the library, manuscripts, curiosities, and plate, which he had placed at their disposal."

The following poem was originally published in a late English Annual, but unwarrantably mutilated by the Editor, alterations being made which rendered it nonsense, and several entire verses being omitted. The author has handed us the annexed copy from the original for publication.—Ed.

THE AMERICAN SNOW-BIRD.

The snow-bird of America is remarked among ornithologists for the obscurity which hangs around its history. On the first approach of winter, it suddenly makes its appearance at the farm-houses, apparently driven by the inclemency of the weather to court the society of man. Whence it comes no one can tell, and whither it goes (for its exit is as sudden as its entrance) no one has yet been able to discover. It is supposed by some to be, in reality, another bird, only that its plumage, by some mysterious and irresistible power, has been suddenly and entirely changed. It delights to hover near hay-ricks, feeding on the seeds which they contain; while, in very bleak weather, when the ground is clad in universal snow, and the air is piercingly cold, it may be easily attracted to the parlor window, by throwing forth a few crumbs—the desolation of its lot causing it to forget its natural fear of man. There is a feeling of melancholy passes across the mind, when the bleak and dreary landscape, deserted by all other tenants of the air, is only enlivened with the presence of the mournful *Snow-Bird*.—Yet, even in the bitterest weather, he is always gay and lively; and the desolation of the scenery around him seems to have no saddening effect upon his cheerful heart.

From distant climes which none can tell,
In dress of bright and changeful hue;
I greet the bird beloved so well,
When childhood's hours around me flew.

Sure, though the northern storms may spend
Their fury over field and tree,
Their blasts are welcome, if they send
So gay a visitant as thee.

I care not that the laughing spring
Its blue-bird messenger may own;
If winter be but sure to bring
The *Snow-bird* I have always known.

How oft, in childhood's rainbow hour,
I've watch'd thee at the parlor pane;
To mark the trap's seducing power,
Secreted in the farm-house lane—

Its wicker sides, with childish care
Secured by threads of store-room twine,
—The dead-fall, of invention rare,
Enclosed by the treacherous line.

Oh! how my youthful eyes would strain,
To follow up thy wayward track;
How oft I've spread the attractive grain,
To bring thy wandering pinions back!

And when (concealed with restless care)
I saw thee, from my snug retreat,
Go headlong in the simple snare,
What rapture in my heart would beat!

Anxious I rushed through snow-banks high,
The tardy prisoner to secure,
And bore him, with triumphant cry,
A captive's anguish to endure.

Yet now, gay *Snow Bird*, I could see
No truant urchin watching near,
Scattering sweet grain to cozen thee,
With blow-gun, trap or other gear—
But I would wave my kerchief round,
To fright thee from each dangerous snare,
And lift thy prison, if I found
A single captive trembling there.

Yes, gentle bird! I mind the time
Thou'st sported round my window-seat,
(Thoughtless of evil, as of crime.)
Pleased, it would seem, my face to greet,—

And feeding with confiding stay,
On tiny crumbs I threw to thee:—
'Twere base, 'twere treach'rous, to betray
A bird that ne'er had injured me.

Thy lot is cast by goodness great,
More harsh & drear, 'twould seem, than mine,
How dare I then, one pang create,
To wound the clouded bliss of thine?

There breathes an everlasting Power,
Unknown, but felt—unseen, but heard;
He clothes each tree, He tints each flower,
His arm protects my darling bird.
Let winter come with ruffian voice;
Let snow-wreaths crown the utmost hill;
He bids thee in the storm rejoice,
He sees, protects, and feeds thee still.

Our lively friend of the *Constellation* has been putting his wits in tune to some purpose, and produced the following squib all round. He succeeds nearly as well in verse as in prose, and should exercise his powers in this way a little more frequently.

OLD TIMES AND NEW TIMES.

The times are aye changing, & man changes too;
So said an old poet, and faith it is true.
The good change to bad, and the bad change to worse;

So croakers have said from the earliest course
Of time to the present. But, croakers, avaunt!
Your groans and sour faces,
Your dismal hard cases,
And dark side of things, on our soul, we don't want.
On the bright side we'll look, & if ever our bread
Should drop from our hands, it shall never be said,
With a sigh or a frown,

Alas! it has dropped with the buttered side down!
The times are aye changing, but changing for better,
And this we'll maintain is true to the letter.

First look we abroad across the wide ocean,
And witness the changes so lately in motion:
How kings have gone up & kings have gone down,
How one has secured and one lost a crown.
The Charles X, that was, is Charles X no more,
The X that came after it now comes before—
Thus rendering X Charles, what once was
Charles X,

And making a commoner out of a rex.
The change has been great, and all parties
Should bless it;
The change has been lucky, and all should con-
fess it:

The people of France are rid of a dunce,
And Charley is rid of a crown;
The latter may sigh for what he was once,
And sorely lament he is down;

Now travel we on to the Dey of Algiers,
Who is rid of his power and rid of his fears.
By a flirt of his fan an empire he lost—
But few among flirts would flirt at such cost:

For his petulance thus, the walls of Algiers
Were blown by French cannon about the Dey's
ears.

But all for the best, both for Christian & Turk;
Now Christians are safe from piratical work,
And the head of his Deyship, which tottered
before,

Now secured on his shoulders, totters no more.
On this side the water now turn we our view,
And old times compare with the times that are
new.

To sigh for the past most people agree—
Alas! that it didn't pass sooner say we.
Then waste not the present regretting the past,
But deem that each day surpasses the last.

But omitting such things as matters of state,
On every day subjects at present we'll prate.
In times that are past one end of a sack
Held a parcel of corn to be ground,
To balance the same across the steed's back,
In the other a stone was found—
And jogging along o'er stump and o'er hill,
Astride of the bag, the boy went to mill—
Such roads & such wisdom our forefathers had.

Lo! to church see them come, both mother & dad,
With pillion behind and saddle before,
Both riding one horse, with two children more,
Alas for poor Dobbin! whose orthodox master,
With all this sad load,
O'er a villainous road,
Kept urging him still to go faster.

Then four miles an hour,
Was a stretch of horse power,
Beyond which to drive was uncivil,
And a rapider rate
Was accounted a gait
That would bear a man swift to the devil.
Then our people were not given to roam,

And a hundred miles journey was such an affair
That few in those days so hardy were there,
Without making their will, to leave home.

Bean porridge was then a diet for all,
For grandfathers great, & grand children small,
And whether 'twere hot or whether 'twere cold,
'Twas best, by a proverb, when nine days old.

Then rare was seen a dish of tea,
And doubly blest were they,
Who got a cup of thin Bohea
Upon a Sabba' day.

'Then shirts were of woolen for hale & for sick,
Then quilted were petticoats, heavy and thick;
Then breeches for want of suspenders would slip,
Being merely held up by the ridge on the hip.
And to keep them in place, both the poor and
the rich

Were perpetually pulling them up with a hitch.

Those days are gone—those 'good old times,'
And could we call them back again
With but a copy of these rhymes,
'Twere but to scan them o'er
For half an hour or more,
Then careless bid them pack again.
But set old times beside the new,
And fairly scan them through and through,
You'll ne'er regret the old are past,
Nor back one look of longing cast.

Now changed is the state of our every day forage,
And coffee & steaks have succeeded to porridge.
Green tea is sipped daily by thousands and
millions;

And gigs have succeeded to saddles & pillion;
A thousand miles now is a journey but small,
And a hundred—poh!—is no journey at all.
Now burdensome quilts are no longer the go,
Nor breeches slip off from the hips of the beau.
And in sending to mill his corn to be ground,
The farmer no longer indulges a doubt—
Such wisdom at present with farmers is found—
That the balancing stone may as well be left out.

SLEIGHING SONG.

Merrily, merrily sound the bells,
As o'er the ground we roll;
And the snow-drift breaks in silver flakes,
Before our Cariole;
While, muffled in sables rich and warm,
With mantle and beaver dight,
We drive in the teeth of the angry storm,
Or skim in the cold moonlight.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

Merrily, merrily, sound the bells
Upon the wind without,
When the wine is mulled, & the waffle culled,
And the joke is passed about;
And rosy lips and dimple cheeks
The flash of wit inspire,
While mirth in many a bright eye speaks,
Around the crackling fire.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

The present state of the weather makes appropriate the following lines:—

SLEIGH-BELLS.

Those merry bells! those merry bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of gleeful laugh, and loud halloo!
And upset in the drifted snow.

Swift flies the wind! but not so swift
As flies the "snow-boat" through the drift:
Shrill sings the wind; but not so clear,
As the blithe sleigh-bell in the ear.

"That tuneful peal will still ring on,"
Until the latest snow be gone;
Then farewell to the merry-bell,
And to the winter sports farewell!

YOU FORGET YOURSELF.—A disappointed author, indulging in a vein of abuse against a successful rival, exclaimed, "He is, without exception, the most superficial, self-sufficient, ignorant, shallow creature, that ever made any pretensions to literature." "Gently, my dear sir," interrupted a gentleman present, "you quite forget yourself."

PUBLISHED

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY,
BY EDMUND MORRIS,
AT THE OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN,
NO. 95½ CHESTNUT STREET, F STAIRS,
PHILADELPHIA.
Price, \$1.50 yearly—Payable in advance.